318 West 52d St. N. Y.

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Feb 12th 1878

Mr Wm Lo. Garrison

Highly respected Sir:

I trust to your large heartedness to pardon this intrusion of an utter stranger, though one who in her childhood learned to honor and venerate the writer of your courageous and valiant utterances in advocacy and defence of equal rights for all God's children, as she stood by her mother's knee and listened to the reading of "The Liberator."

Because I know the spirit of slavery and rebellion still lives in the Southern States of our Union, and believe that the atrocities committed there upon the freedmen are not the mere wagging of the crushed serpent's tail, but evidences that it has been little more than scotched, and it is only waiting

for recuperation and an auspicious moment to spring into life and activity, I am anxiously watching the indications and movements, in North and South and our National Capitol; and with voice and pen, am joining my weak efforts with those of the few who think human rights and life of some value, as compared with financial success, even though those lives and rights be those of a despised, because oppressed race.

I spent a part of last winter and spring in South Carolina, and made the acquaintance of quite a number of the sufferers in the Hamburgh and Ellenton Massacres. I traveled ostensibly as a temperance lecturer and pleasure seeker, ignorant, as any Northern woman, of politics; and thus met all classes without the constraint, that would have suppressed many items and facts, had the truth been known that I furnished, regularly,

letters, on the relations of the two races, to "The New York Witness," and one each to ~~New York~~ "The Independent" and "Springfield Union."

I can never express the ~~my~~ feelings I experienced while conversing with those dusky heroes and heroines, nor those that rose up and made my blood boil while reading the voluminous Report of the Testimony taken by the ~~Congressional~~ Senatorial Committe; but right glad am I that, while I listened to Old Aunt Johanna Bailey's account of the murder of her nephew before her eyes, I did not know that President Hayes, being seated in his official chair by & through the sufferings, blood, and death of this long abused race, would turn a deaf ear to the voice of their miseries, and give them over to their enemies and the enemies of Republican Institutions; causing even their half-paralized local friends to step down and out to make room for the enemies of freedom.

I am about writing the closing paragraphs of a historical and descriptive Lecture on "South Carolina and her People," for the delivery of which I trust some door will open, (though I do not yet know where) for I have obtained many facts which were new, ~~to me~~ interesting, and extremely useful to me, and I can but think they might prove so to others in the North.

I am troubling you with this voluminous letter, because I want to procure copies of your own and Mr Chandler's letters on Gov. Hayes' Southern Policy, ~~for~~ which I am extremely anxious, to possess. Can you tell me where I can get them, or send them to me? If you are at any expense in procuring them for me I will gladly refund the amount. Did I know ~~the form of~~ how much, would ~~enclose~~ now.

Please excuse this lengthy epistle, & believe me very truly

Yours for Humanity

H. N. McGoff.

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